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OVERTONES

A BOOK OF VERSE

By JOSEPH COOK



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Overtones

A Book of Verse

By Joseph Cook 

33

"Poets are all who love, who feel great truths
and tell them"

NEW YORK
The Knickerbocker Press
1903

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FOREWORD

THE first two poems of this little volume appeared a quarter of a century ago in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*. Other verses have already been published in various periodicals.

The Boston Hymns were written to be sung with organ accompaniment at the opening devotional service of the Boston Monday Lectures, and will be recalled by many among the great audiences that filled Park Street Church and Tremont Temple on these occasions during more than twenty years.

Though aware that the Hymns were not always faultless in technique, the author desired to give expression in them to the fundamental truths of our most holy faith, to him most precious.

While poetry was not the chief chord struck on his harp of life, great spiritual truths seemed to him to find their best utterance in verse. Keenly sensitive to beauty in the natural as in the spiritual world, he ever listened joyfully to this vibrating overtone, which penetrated his life, as it gives name to this book.

G. H. C.

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POEMS OF PLACES

TICONDEROGA AND MONTCALM

“There have been far-sounding Epics built together on less basis than lies ready here, in this *Capture of Quebec*; which itself, as the decision that America is to be English and not French, is surely an Epoch in World History.”—Carlyle, *History of Frederick the Great*.

I

(FROM the iceberg to the palm-tree,)
As a giant check for giants,
Stretch a flawless chain of French posts,
Muskets, traders, priests, and cannon.
From the cold sea to the hot sea,
On our long path let the Northeast
Sift the snow among the forests;
On our long path let the Southwest
Sow the violets in the wet woods.
France will shut the English up now
East behind the Alleghanies.
In her right hand is the oak-tree,
In her left hand is the olive;
And she walks toward the sunset,
And her couch is in the sunrise.

From the Labrador St. Lawrence
To the tropic Mississippi,
From the arctic moss and reindeer
And the Esquimaux ice village
To the cotton blooms and rice-birds
And the Mexic hills of silver,
Let the woodlands give her welcome.
Let the Great Lakes be our border,
With these rivers we discovered :
Choke the lion with the lilies.

II

So spake France and built her strongholds
From the cold sea to the hot sea :
On the gnarled hoarse shores in pine glooms
Where the dun moose snuffs the salt fog,
And the blue ice floats the walrus,
And the snow-shoe tracks the smooth seal,
And the whale's breath wakes the slow bear,
And the North lights daze the white owl,
In Acadia and bleak Brunswick ;
Under mountains shagged with oak woods,
Where the wolf howls from the gray cliff,
And the clear springs wash the brown ores,
And old war-paths thread the cascades,
And the lilies fringe the lone lakes,
And the whippowil drinks night-dew,
At Crown Point, Ticonderoga ;
In the quiver of the booming,

Where the rainbow spans the shot seas,
And the awed clouds droop and listen,
And the hushed stars quake at midnight,
And a thunder flaps its vast wings,
And ascendeth pauseless anthem,
At Niagara and Erie ;
In the darkling Alleghanies,
Where the grim peaks nurse the lightning,
And the swift stag flees the panther,
And the beaver builds his wise weir,
And the chanticleer struts sunward,
And the lithe fish leap the loud brooks,
At Duquesne and in Venango ;
On the prairie's green round ocean,
Where the foam of blossoms rustleth,
And through emerald leagues the waves gleam,
And the bison swim the grass sea,
And the wide sky waketh wide thoughts,
And the slant showers chase the sun-bursts,
At Detroit and still Kaskaskia ;
On the dateless mounds and maize fields,
Where the old oaks grow in old graves,
And the heaped earth traceth strange shapes,
And a buried race sleeps nameless,
And thronged ages hide in ashes,
And the bent squaw plants the fat soil
On the Wabash and Ohio ;
Among cotton-trees and rice-birds,
Where the red chief tames the wild horse,

And the vexed herds flee the lasso,
 And the bayous steam in fierce suns,
 And the orange drops its gold globes,
 And the Gulf winds faint with incense,
 In Arkansas and New Orleans:
 Thus behind the Alleghanies
 Join the iceberg and the palm-tree.

III

“By the treaty made at Utrecht,”
 Saith in Paris haughty Louis,
 With his statesmen of wide foreheads
 Toward the setting sun far-sighted,
 “By the long voyage of our Cartier,
 By the long voyage of our Joliet,
 All the lands are ours forever
 Which the Mississippi claspeth
 In his bosom or his fingers;
 Or St. Lawrence, with the five lakes.
 In his bosom or his fingers;
 All the lands and all the waters.
 See the Mississippi’s left hand
 Twine with Alleghany vapors,
 As with forelocks of a giant;
 And the Mississippi’s right hand
 Twine with Rocky Mountain cloud-wrack,
 As with forelocks of a giant:
 His soft fingers soothe their stern thoughts.
 (Thus the sunset is our sunrise:

Empire broader than was Cæsar's,
Realm more wide than Alexander's,
Valley fatter than was Pharaoh's;
Waters prouder than the Danube,
Current princelier than Euphrates,
River mightier than the Nile stream;
Dun Missouri from the sunset,
Green Ohio from the sunrise,
Mississippi in the high noon—
Ever ours, for so the sceptre
And the starry Romish crosier,
In the glittering hand of fair France,
Shall be stretched across the New World,
And be dipped in the Pacific."

IV

"By the treaty made at Ryswick,"
Saith green Britain to the French king,
With her statesmen of wide foreheads
Toward the setting sun far-sighted,
"Are the subtle, stately red men,
The leagued Iroquois Five Nations,
Our allies, and own the sceptre
In the sinewy hand of England.
But Crown Point, Ticonderoga,
For the swift canoe and snow-shoe,
From the South to North the gateway,
With Niagara, Ohio,
For the swift canoe and snow-shoe,

From the East to West the gateway,
 Are the ancient just possession
 Of the Iroquois Five Nations—
 Subtle, stern, and stately red men.
 Thus the sunset is our sunrise.
 Where their bow or hatchet ruleth,
 Roameth safe the British lion.
 In the Adirondack gorges,
 In Niagara's huge thunders,
 In Ohio's crackling forests,
 Croucheth fierce the British lion."

V

So the loud, hot sky drips lightnings
 In the morning of the New World;
 Burns while Washington and Braddock
 Smite the hemming links of fair France,
 Face the whistling bolts of battle,
 With a continent at hazard;
 Burns while on the savage war-path
 Lone Fort Edward, where the Hudson,
 Under murmuring pines and hemlocks,
 Hears the panther and the owlet,
 And hushed Henry, on the Lake George—
 Mirror fit to gaze in God's face,
 Holy depths of stainless crystal,
 Sown with islands out of dream-land,
 Girt by green and solemn mountains,
 Wolf and eagle in their bosoms,

And the joy of all the seasons,
Night and noon, the green and red leaf,
Sun-lit snow-falls, sun-lit rain-falls,
Dreaming moons and crimson twilights,
Glassed Orion, day-star, Iris—
Rise to shield the English border,
Stay the hatchets, quench the fire-brands,
Choke the war-whoops in the midnights;
Burns while proud Montcalm, to match them,
Red and white and blue his standard,
In the rustling sunny wildness
Thinks of France, and plants her lilies
In the grim Ticonderoga.
Growl the gray walls in the green woods.
Where the hoarse white Sounding Waters
Meet the tawny Champlain billows;
Where the sunrise kisses mountains
In the blue and purple distance,
And the mountains kiss the sunset
In the bold transfigured nearness,
He, himself a waxing new moon,
Sees the slow moon's wane and waxing;
He, himself an eagle restless,
Sees the eagles pierce the noontide.

VI

Through the panting August forests
And the lonely dreaming islands,
Swoops Montcalm as swoops the eagle,

Smites Fort Henry to its haunches;
With the flame beaks of the cannon
Tears it six slow-rolling sad suns;
Sends aloft in smoke its timbers.
As the robins hush their dawn-song,
See defenceless the brave vanquished,
Under sighing forest arches,
Huddle toward a distant shelter,
Past the thunder-cloud of red tribes.
Stretch their bowstrings, lithe Oneidas;
Lift their hatchets, lank Nepissings;
Poise their arrows, greedy Hurons;
Whet their scalping-knives, Algonquins;
Whoop a death-whoop, Sacs and Foxes;
Slip a loose leash, gaunt, parched hell-dogs,
Who the fair shore bathe in murder,
In the rent graves plunder corpses,
In the hot blood drench their hot lips.
On the mountains hang the rainbows,
And the ragged rims of thunder,
And the maple drops her red leaf,
And the blood-stain yet remaineth.

VII

Abercrombie answereth Montcalm,
Strikes across the crystal lakelet
When the summer fills the mountains.
England's arm hath brawny muscles:

Ticonderoga and Montcalm

11

See a thousand flashing barges,
And the blue-coats and the red-coats,
And the tartans from Loch Lomond,
And the sunlight on the forests,
And the mirrored oaks and maples,
Breathing beeches, silver birches,
Giant pines on mighty summits,
Iris sheen and iris sparkles,
And the sword glare in the waters;
Hear the pibroch from Loch Katrine,
And the neighing of the horses,
And the crackle of the armor,
And the clashing of the oar-locks,
And the sigh of harping islets,
And the pebbly fret of white strands,
And the dewy drip of bird songs,
And the echoing of the bugles.
Nine blue thousands are Provincials,
Bred with panthers and the eagles,
Men who smoothed a New World's rough face
And the cradle of its future
Rocked beneath its singing pine-trees,
Putnam, Rogers, and his rangers;
Six red thousands British soldiers,
Burnt by suns beyond the salt seas,
Scarred in Fontenoy and Black Watch,
Led by Howe, who on his bear-skin
Couched last night and talked of triumph,
But who goes to God to-morrow.

Overtones

From the giant tangled dark woods
On the Trout Brook, at the ambush
Wet with mist of roaring cascades,
Floateth up his strong white spirit.
See one lonely barge returning
Where a thousand spanned the clear depths,
Threads the islands with his black pall,
Bears an army's heart beneath it.
In the Abbey of Westminster
Wrote his name young Massachusetts,
Carved the word Ticonderoga
On the proud and pallid marbles.

VIII

Wail the bugles through the forests,
Wail and grieve and sound to onset,
Fifteen thousand met four thousand;
But the four the fifteen vanquish;
For Montcalm across Carillon,
As the fateful morning dawneth,
Builds long breastwork of felled timbers
Pierced for triple row of muskets,
With an abatis as death-fringe—
Leveled trees with sharpened branches—
Bristling outward from the trenches.
Rave the Highlanders with broadswords,
Through the singing, leaden tempest,
To the muzzles of the Frenchmen,

Until Duncan Campbell falleth ;
But he cowereth at safe distance
This red day faint Abercrombie :
Seven hot hours the fifteen thousand
Set their bare breasts to the bullets :
Snuff the deer and scent the eagles
From the mountains, taint of battle ;
Shines the holy July sunlight
On white lilies red with blood-stains ;
In the holy July twilight,
On the leaves before the French lines,
Find two thousand their last slumber,
Faces stark and eyelids open.

IX

From their blood-pools into God's face
Look the dead men and find solace.
From disaster courage riseth ;
Now hath Pitt plans new and mighty ;
In the hollow bone of danger
Is the honey of wise boldness.
Here are trained a people's sinews,
Here grow stout the hearts of armies,
Which are soon to quell the lion,
As they follow the young eagle.
But God's plan is yet advancing,
And the end of it is not yet :
From Lake George God sees red Concord,

And the Lexington stained meadow,
Bunker Hill, and Saratoga;
From Lake George hears He already
Sumter's bugles blow arousal,
Clank of giant fetters riven,
Guns of Gettysburg and Richmond.
On a finger of God's right hand
Stands the world's soft-spinning axle.
When the lilies next are ripened,
Strikes and throttles Amherst wary,
By investment chokes the fortress;
While Montcalm and Wolfe together,
In Quebec in mortal wrestle,
Cross the flags of France and England
High above the ocean river,
In the audience of the ages;
Cross the glittering hand of fair France
And the sinewy hand of England,
With a continent hung balanced
From the griping giant fingers.

X

Slideth toward the Mississippi
From the tops of Alleghanies
And the peaks of Rocky Mountains
Not a rill that doth not tremble;
All the springs that feed the Great Lakes
Quiver in their leafy coverts.

Arctic mosses ask the prairies,
And the prairies ask the tropics,
And the reindeer ask the bison,
And the bison ask the Gulf birds;
Blue Ontario asketh Erie,
Huge Superior asketh Huron—
Which of two will be their master;
And Niagara now listens.
From the icy spur of Asia
To the Cuban shore of spices,
From the shivering Greenland lichens
To the Mexic groves of orange,
From the pole beneath the North Star
To the palms beneath Orion,
From the palms beneath Orion
To the snows beneath the South Cross,
Far vast future crystallizeth,
With a hemisphere at hazard,
As Wolfe hears, “ They fly! they fly!”
From the cold sea to the hot sea
Faieth France with Romish fashions,
Shackled printing, voteless tenants,
Scanty schools, and caste as ruler;
Triumphs England with caste waning,
Sleepless printing, voting freeholds,
Thick-sown schools, and open Bible.
These the Mississippi drinketh;
Winneth these unborn Nevada;
These now greeteth the Pacific

From the iceberg to the palm-tree.
Sing, Yosemite's tall cedars;
Shout, far-soaring St. Elias;
Listen, Santee and Savannah;
Pause, Niagara, and listen:
Onward strides a step colossal
And the Path's end not yet findeth;
What at last our God performeth,
From the first our God intendeth.
All the past was predetermined;
All to come is now fore-ordered.
See, accomplishing is God's plan,
But the end of it is not yet;
And we know not what He will do,
But we know that He now knoweth,
And that His whole plan is perfect,
Howsoe'er the half seem halting;
And that what He doth is well done,
And will bring with it amazement.
On a finger of God's right hand
Stands the world's soft-spinning axle,
And His eye-beams swathe its whirled zones:
Through the starry, soundless spaces
Strideth on His step colossal;
Moves the earth upon His finger,
But His eye-beams go before it.

Double Vista Island, Lake George.

THE RHINE FROM THE ODENWALD

I LOOK out from the Odenwald to France,
Aërial, peopled, sun-lit, throbbing leagues,
Across the nineteen crowded centuries,
From Cæsar vexing Rhine with its first bridge,
And yokeless human streams with piers yet strong,
And built upon by earth's new civil arch,
In spite of Cassius' dagger and Time's tooth:
From Tacitus, with weak, soft leprous Rome
Ever in eye, praising the chastity
Of German clans, as pure as were the dews
The savage forests shook upon their heads;
Unmelted men, and therefore kings, and sires
Of nations now among the nations' kings:
To Charlemagne's mailed hand, with arrow's edge,
From Ebro to the Elbe, the human woods,
Fruitless as yet and wild, but plump with sap,
Grafting with slips from out the aged boughs
Of Greece and Rome, beneath that new-risen sun
His banners bore, whence plenteous fruit at last
On Europe's age-long barren orchard slope:
To billowy, hot, crusading myriads,

The Western human sea, mixed still with slime,
Green ridgy monsters in its crawling depths,
And yet a sea responsive to Christ's name,
As ocean with its tides to sun and moon,
And swirling through this Rhine and Danube gate,
Or past the clangorous Venetian wharves,
To meet great Saladin at Ascalon ;
The nobles sold their lands, and so the serf
Grew free ; the fiefs of nobles slain became
The king's, and so the king grew free ; the towns
The deluge filled, grown rich, bought new strange rights.
Votes, armies, parliaments, self-government,
And so the world grew free ; Christ's grave not free
Made Europe free ; His pierced right hand the vote
Placed in the trembling fingers of the poor ;
Fair Venice, threescore Rhine towns joining shields,
Yon blood-washed Netherlands, strong Hansa's league,
The burgher's right wrenched from a feudal world ;
False John grew faint at Runnymede, and leaped
In Magna Charta's womb America :
To Greeks driven west from off the cultured shore
Of Bosphorus, when fell Rome's eastern arch,
Constantinople, like another Troy ;
Now column, frieze, and pediment,
From under Turkish hoofs snatched tenderly,
Are built aloft afar when exiles found
Rich Florence, Paris, this free Rhine ; and hence
New tastes in all the West ; the huge fair shafts,
With mystic traceries planned by Plato's eye

And Aristotle's brain, bring Europe's morn
Reflected from their Attic architraves;
The starry temple to the earth's last verge
Yet copied; Athens so by Greeks in white
Immortal marble set on hills once more:
To streams of Eastern caravans dried up;
And streams of gold in Genoa's mountain ports,
And streams of gold in Venice's liquid streets
The streams between the utmost East and West
Fabled far Ind and Albion's poor hoarse coast,
The giant, harvest-dropping, human Nile,
Diverted, not made dry, by the New World
Columbus opened in the sunset gold,
And by the new way past the fearful cape
To shores reached once only by camel ships
Through seas of sand henceforth to sift unheard;
And so fat Spain made great, though rotten soon,
And England great, but rotten not as yet;
And all this Pagan West as central made
Upon the earth as once were Rome's seven hills,
The Appian Way hung on Atlantic deeps.
The transferred Tiber turned into the Rhine:
To chivalry's and robbery's throned cliffs,
Browbeating all these castellated shores,
A chafing manacle on Europe's wrist,
Burst suddenly when once the arm had strength,
The gaping, ragged halves not welded yet,
Save by the ivy's pitying thick veils:
To Strasburg and Cologne, and skilled saints there

Lifting majestically to peopled heavens
Awe-struck stone anthems, not unheard of God,
Cathedral epics, voice of man's tall hour :
To eagles of the French, and in their beaks
Fire-brands above this doomed Palatinate,
A thousand smokes sent up from yonder plain :
And Rhine waves red with hottest modern blood,
And Rhine hills tremulous yet in all their vines
With blows of him who made the Rhine a stream
Of France, and with the Rhine lost France: and so
To swiftly struck, far-resonant Sedan.

I look against the sun which saw all this,
And through the rustling air across his face
Ride ghosts in number more than winter's flakes.
My land swims far beyond that setting sun,
Which burns the Vosges now and Niederwald ;
These ghosts were not my brothers, yet they wrought
For me, as I for those who follow us.
My eyes were cold and dull were they not wet ;
Sightless were they here cold and not elate.
This Rhine plain bore its fruit for even me.

God maketh some sods fat with sweat or blood,
But grows in those spots seeds of preciousness,
Which elsewhere could not root, but blown abroad,
When once quite native in the globe, they touch
Its utmost circuits, follow the rough gales
To the remotest isles, and so all sods

The Rhine from the Odenwald 21

From one sod feed, and fill earth's whole deep lap.
Gutenberg there at Mainz with printer's types;
Luther with his "God help me!" there at Worms;
Spires there elate in spite of ghastly wounds;
This Heidelberg rained on by cannon seven times,
Twice gutted by fierce pillage, thrice by flame—
These wrought for England too, and she for me.

And now America in Europe shines;
The light of White, not Red Democracy,
At rising clear as Washington's own eyes,
Mixed horribly too soon with blue-green flame
From out the atheist throat of the French hell,
And smoke and ashes of a feudal world,
Grows white again unveiled above the bars
Made by the vapors its own shining raised.
Albion Republic all but in the name;
Berlin to-day thatches the peasant's roof.
And swift wheels cleave the plains, and swifter words
All seas. And Peace for once upon the Alps,
In God's name in the shadow of Mont Blanc,
Throttling the precedents of butchery,
At fair Geneva yonder lifts aloft
A white flag yet perhaps in cultured hands
Of Saxon-belted, trade-leagued hemispheres,
To chase from off the dolorous, cheated earth
Barbaric black and outworn red of war:
A white flag on which heaven breathes, so high
It reaches to the steady upper minds

That blow about the globe, untouched by jars
Of local zephyr, breeze, or hurricane.

There are no foreign lands. I yield at last.
No great cause can be only local now.
Here on the brink of nineteen centuries,
And looking from the Odenwald to France,
I cease to be only of my own coasts.
One sea laves every shore: I hear its voice,
Which, lifted from the solemn headlands vast,
Or low sweet coves of time, doth sound in storm
And calm; doth ever sound; did sound when man
Was not; and soundeth in all zones one sound.
I will be citizen of the whole earth.

Heights near Heidelberg Castle.

CLIFF SEAT RAINBOWS

FROM afar the thunder calleth,
From afar my mountains greet me ;
From afar reverberation,
Where the lightning unsheathed shineth,
Leaps immense along the summits,
Soundeth there among the eagles.

Eyrie girt with mountain grandeur,
Tranceful stars and moons and sunsets,
Peace hath Cliff Seat after tempests ;
Hears the waterfalls and forests,
And the bleating from the sheepfolds,
And the singing of the robins,
Brooklet bobolinks and thrushes,
Mason swallows, hermit cuckoos,
Vesper sparrows, plunging night hawks,
Plaintive whippoorwills and owlets,
Midnight songs of constellations,
Morning stir of welcome labor,
Sabbath chimes of rest and worship,
And the echoes of a lifetime ;

Overtones

Sees my childhood's sacred places
In the green and solemn valley ;
Sees the billowy, golden wheat fields
And the sunny leas of clover ;
Sees the paths of fathers' fathers,
And the holy graves of kindred,
And the rainbow arched above them.

Stainless lakes with mountain margins
Mirror heaven within their crystal,
Sun and shadow fleck the forests,
Dewy dawns the dells bespangle.

In cathedral leafy arches
Both the night and day are vocal.
Tuneful brooks and sounding waters
Fill the mountains with their murmurs,
And the rainbows span the gorges.

I am here but for a season ;
Lo ! my home here and forever
Is the hollow of God's right hand,
And my roof-top is His rainbow.

Ghosts unseen flit through the star beams,
Over battle-fields and war-paths ;
Where the footprints of great nations
Scar the spots of fateful struggle.
Round the rim of changing ages

Walketh God in light and shadow;
Speaketh He to lands and peoples
Both in sunbeams and in thunders.
And God's plan is yet advancing,
And its end He knows already,
And that end no man yet knoweth,—
But the rainbows span the ages.

SUNS AND SOULS AT LAKE GEORGE

VAST of brow, of front serene,
Eagles in their breasts of green,
Stand the heights the lake about,
Uttering God's greatness out,
As the air His tenderness,
Luminous etherialness,
Palpitant with soul, for He
Throbs here omnipresently.

To a sunny isle with me
Sunny come fair maidens three;
In a rainbow dips the oar,
God stands with us on the shore.
Waves without are crystalline,
Waves within are crystalline;
In the lake is not a stain,
In the souls is not a pain.

Well I love the water fair,
Sister to the viewless air—
Iris tints and sparkles thick
Tossed from off the ripples quick;
Mirrored hills of silver sheen,

Stretched Elysian isles between ;
Beams of noon and heights sublime,
Majesties of dateless time ;

Subtle shafts of lancelike thrill,
Shot from waters, wood, and hill ;
Pebbly fret or plashing speech,
Dreamy surge along the beach ;
Granite chasms or sanded floor
We by sun or moon float o'er—
Depths in crystal trance that lie,
Lucent, soft, glad endlessly.

But I love yet more the souls,
Glorious in parts and wholes,
Whence is breathed a viewless air
Fairer than the water fair—
Souls in which the sparkles thick,
Iris tints and ripples quick,
Weave elate, celestial sheen,
Stretched Elysian hours between ;

Souls of noon and sky sublime,
Up which awestruck summits climb ;
Souls in which a seraph's thrill
Subtly flames from holy will ;
Souls like lakes with white, deep floor,
We by sun and moon float o'er—
Depths in crystal trance that lie,
Lucent, soft, glad endlessly.

AN EXILE'S RETURN TO THE
ADIRONDACKS

HAIL, mountains, with your suns and moons. Your
souls
Have trumpet tones. Your inspiration rolls
Upon my thoughts as surge on ocean shore;
Your moods my soul absorbs forevermore.

My young heart built itself upon your heights,
Breathths, majesties, aversions, and delights:
From morn till eve, from eve till shadows flee,
Entrancement is your kingly company.

Who dares be weak, or worship not while ye
Speak vastness, power, bold justice, liberty,
Grand foresight, awe, long patience, massive calm,
And love that bursts all bonds and holds all balm.

What myriad graces in your endless woods,
God working in ten thousand solitudes:
Your dawns, your noons, your twilights, birds and buds
Your crown of fir, your rocks, your glens, your floods,

An Exile's Return to the Adirondacks 29

Your sounding aisles, lone paths and crystal air,
Your moss-hung caves, your oracles of prayer;
Night, day; ice, fire; rain, hail; storm, calm; sun,
 snow:
O, God be praised Who buildeth mountains so.

1863.

AT JOHN BROWN'S GRAVE

AT rest until the heavens be no more
Lies he of eagle eye and steel-gray hair;
Here fronts his lonely grave his cabin door,
Who slavery bearded in its bloody lair.

The Adirondacks watch; the stars sing hymns
Of praise above the lightning-riven spot;
A hero's high, clear soul in heaven swims,
And the four continents forget him not!

A three-days' sullen storm the sun bursts through;
Cloud-Cleaver's glittering summit and the slope
Of giant White Face, amber, gold, and blue,
Receive a far-shot javelin beam of hope.

Heaven's symbol of the hour and man it seems;
A lance of fire across the sky's vast frown;
Through gray, fierce gloom the searching, lone shaft
gleams;
Awestruck I greet the omen, and bow down

At John Brown's Grave

31

And kiss the sod the martyr lies beneath;
My native mountains, sun and rain, the air,
Stars, moon, and stream, lake, forest, rock, and heath,
Join with me here in Freedom's passionate prayer:

“ Of thee, John Brown, may God preserve the dust;
Thy death the fettered Northern soul set free;
Thy sword's edge broke the slumbers of the just,
And loosed the avalanche of liberty.”

1862, North Elba.

BREAKING THE MISSISSIPPI'S YOKE

PORT HUDSON ours. Strategic stroke:
This breaks the Mississippi's yoke;
Its giant flood again,
In jubilee, in majesty,
In affluence, in unity,
Rolls free from snows to main.

So through a dragon's mid-most mail,
And yawning jaws, and swinging tail,
Drives Freedom's thunderous spear;
Its glittering edge sheds beams of hope,
Far up the storm-clad mountain slope
Of thousandth coming year.

Shout, Alleghanies, to the sun;
Leap rivers that all courses run;
Flame, every hill-top brow;
Let East and West and plain and lake,
Accordant acclamations make:
Skies, bend your rainbows now.

Breaking the Mississippi's Yoke 33

Look, weeping North, God's storm is long,
Its swirling pinions black and strong,
 Thy drops of blood the rain :
But soil made fertile by that shower,
Shall never see, to latest hour,
 Traitors or slaves again.

Lo, on the Dial-plate of Time
A Ray from out the throne sublime
 Falls through the tempest's rack;—
The years will come, the years will go,
The winds will wander to and fro,
 That Sunbeam turns not back.

July 16, 1863. Civil War.

INGLESIDE

THE flame purrs and sings,
And the heart upward springs;
The multiform blaze
Fills the soul with its rays;
The good angels meet
In the light and the heat,
And heaven opens wide
At the blest fireside.

TEN ARCHANGELS

(Mts. St. Elias, Fairweather, Baker, Tacoma, Adams,
Helen's, Hood, Jefferson, Pitt, Shasta.)

TEN archangels watch the land,
White with snow and gray with sand,
On our mellow sunset coasts,
Servants of the Lord of Hosts.

In their robes are starry gems,
On their foreheads diadems;
Far aloft their falchions flame,
Taught of God what they proclaim.

They the past have not forgot,
They were here when man was not;
They foresee the coming years
With the blisses and the tears.

Look they must beyond the seas;
They love men of all degrees;
Crowns have they for every zone,
But they crown the just alone.

They, beneath the moon and sun,
God and men would make as one;
Heights have they at heaven's gate,
Hallowed, vast, inviolate.

Who ascends them orders hears;
At their summits God appears;
And His hosts encamp with Him
On the whole horizon's rim.

Puget Sound.

OREGON CATHEDRALS

FROM ashen lands
 Athirst for rains,
From blistered sands
 Of sage-brush plains,

From dusty breath
 Of wormwood waste,
From zones of death
 I shuddering haste,

And greet your glades,
 O goodly trees,
Your lights and shades
 In sun and breeze.

Multnomah hurls,
 From giddy heights,
Its floods of pearls
 Through days and nights.

Overtones

It sings and swings ;
 Enchants the moon ;
Its vaporous wings
 Ascend the noon.

The twilight gleams
 Make worship sweet ;
Here mountain streams
 Flow past God's feet.

Cathedral vast,
 These trees and stars :
My soul hath clasped
 God's trellis bars.

Written on railroad, approaching the Columbia
River from Utah, April 11, 1894.

YOSEMITE

HERE the glacier ground the stone,
Here spake God, and it was done.
Buttress, pinnacle, and wall,
River, forest, waterfall,
And God's right hand over all.
Hear the mountain torrents call,
Swung colossal from the steep.
See them, wind-tossed, wave and sweep.
Hear them sound, like harper's hands,
On the quivering granite strands;
Now with thunderous thud and moan,
Now with giant undertone,
While the pine-trees whisper low,
And the sunset shadows slow
Up the vast, gnarled ridges go,
To the roseate, far snow.

GOLDEN GATE

S HOT sea-laces shoreward slide,
Backward down the shingles glide;
Overflow and undertow,
So the surges come and go;
So gray Ocean rubs his hands,
Palm to palm along the sands;
Rakes the pebbles up and down,
Shakes the seas that navies drown.

Ancient is the surges' moan,
Once was heard of God alone;
Sun and moon ascend the east,
So the tides have never ceased;
Sun and moon go down the west,
So the surges never rest;
God keeps watch above the stars,
Rules the wrinkled waves and bars.

Bubble tossed in dim amaze,
Little man in distant days

Golden Gate

41

Giddy grew if far from land,
Sea-surge sundered strand from strand.
Man the sea now cleaves with fire,
Undergirds with magic wire ;
Bridges it with balanced keels,
Round the world his whisper steals.

Vast the sea and frail is man,
Long its reign, his but a span ;
But his thoughts knit shore to shore ;
Sea at last shall be no more.
Surf of suns and grains of sand
All are one, within His hand
Who created men and sea ;
Alpha and Omega, He !

Golden Gate, San Francisco.

SYDNEY HEADS

THE Sydney Heads salute the sea,
And winnowed ages yet to be;
Vast states beneath the Southern Cross,
With matchless gain or wasting loss.

O harbor of a thousand curves!
Blest is the State that heaven serves;
God's hands preside at both the poles,
And He gives depth to seas and souls.

The treach'rous sands, the hidden reef,
The siren shore of false belief,
The howling storm, the whirlpool's throat,
Harm none whom God's life currents float.

Deep waters underneath thy keel,
The public good, the common weal,
O Ship of State, set thou thy sails
For winds in which God's breath prevails!

Sydney, Australia, August 27, 1895.

JAPANESE COUPLETS

MAY

BEEES honey-ladened homeward go;
The orchards blossom, white as snow.

The little leaves unfold their hands
And bless the Lord of seas and lands.

The fishes leap, the thrushes sing;
The southern winds the roses bring.

The lark ascends to heaven's gate;
The slow kine rest and ruminatē.

The chanting chimes of white cascades
Sing day and night in mountain glades.

The poor frogs peep the world around,
And God is glad to hear the sound;

The lowliest life, the loftiest stars,
Are matched orchestral music bars.

The prairies laugh beneath the sun,
The furrowed fields to fruitage run.

O blessed green of springing wheat,
A vernal velvet, clean and sweet.

The heavens remember hungry man
And send him seeds and winnowing fan.

The clouds drop showers with sudden ease;
The icebergs melt in softened seas.

JUNE

O SHADE and shine of groves divine,
God's soul in each sequestered shrine;

A sunlight dropped from God's own eyes
O'erflows the earth and air and skies!

Balm, without languor, fills the breeze;
A flawless foliage crowns the trees;

With sap from God now all things grow,
In breath from God now all things flow;

The soul of birds is God's own soul,
In God the zones of flowers unroll;

He sparkles in the mountain springs,
He lifts the lilting warbler's wings;

From heaven to earth His angels pass,
Their footsteps bend the billowing grass;

Overtones

He paints the rainbow and the rose,
The moonlight from His eyelids flows;

He whispereth in the tropic trees,
His look makes glad the Arctic seas;

New banners now His clouds unfurl,
New thunderbolts his eagles hurl;

He rolls new Amazons afar,
And trims the lamp of every star!

From suns and seas to youth and maid,
Rich pulses now all life invade.

What bliss unmeasured must be His
Who giveth bliss to all that is,

And setteth heaven and earth in tune,
With music of His perfect June!

JULY

RARE tropic days fill Northern skies;
In rapid leaps the maize-fields rise.

Far South the cane and cotton bloom;
Old giant growths for new give room.

In furthest South ice-sheets unfold,
And July wanders in the cold.

The Northern grass has billows deep;
The kine in noon-tide shadow sleep.

The thunders boom along the hills;
The skies with awe the lightning fills.

The ringing scythes the meadows shear;
The rising ricks the hay-fields cheer.

The sultry sun creeps slowly south;
The rivers wane from source to mouth.

Lush, continental breadths of fruit
Fresh tables spread with service mute.

The mellow moons the nights amaze;
The mountains sleep in silver haze.

The bathers flock to ocean shore;
The sands are solitudes no more.

By mountain lakes the loiterers camp;
The fire-fly lights her zig-zag lamp.

The whippoorwills both twilights thrill;
New red-cheeked globes the orchards fill.

The yellow harvest is begun,
And God is Sun behind the sun.

AUGUST

FIERCE heat perfects the Northern grains;
And languor in the noon-tide reigns.

A rustling harvest, yellow sheaves,
The hunger of a world relieves.

The August crickets all night long
Salute the stars with strident song.

Their note is ancient, sharp, and shrill;
A rival of the whippoorwill.

The golden rods their sceptres wave,
With stately salutations grave.

And symbols give from sea to sea
Of clustered States in unity.

The thunders follow fervid hours;
The fleecy clouds drop sudden showers.

Overtones

The parching heat invades the blood ;
The loiterers haunt the shade and flood.

The coon's long, quavering, human cry
Shows where the plundered maize-fields lie.

The moon and sun with keen amaze
Behold the slowly shortening days.

The mellow winds bring autumn near,
And ripeness rules the rolling year.

Last sun of August, shall I see
No more a summer sky and thee?

Cliff Seat, August, 1900. At sunset.

(SEPTEMBER

THE subtle amber days have come,
The moons now march with mellow drum.

The harvest evening orb benign
Entrances earth in shade and shine.

The cricket sings with piercing thrills;
Rare grow the plaintive whippoorwills.

The river fogs their ghostly veil
Spread and withdraw along the dale.

Autumnal colors with amaze
Fill human eyes and angels' gaze.

The White Frost hath a pencil bright,
Bronze, yellow, scarlet his delight.

The woodland paths in solitude
Match now the high cathedral mood.

The migrant birds convene their hosts,
A shrill, keen joy the blue-jay boasts.

Last walk with guests on rustling leaves,
The blessed rustic life bereaves.

The purple asters wave farewell,
Returning tides the cities swell.

The holy early twilights fall;
The evening fireside crackles call.

With storm and stress on waves and rocks,
Descends the giant Equinox.

Now far aloft his bugles blow;
Across the Line the sun's wheels go.

OCTOBER

SOFT rolls the sky's cerulean wheel,
And threads of peace the Parcae reel.

October amber fills the sky;
In russet robes the landscapes lie.

The yellow maize sleeps in the sun,
And next year's harvest is begun.

Each sunbeam sings a silver strain,
Each mellow leaf-tint soothes the brain.

Toil pauseth now, and so does pain
God's benediction falls like rain.

And yet beneath the azure cope,
The sweetest things are Love and Hope;

Love that no frost of death can pale
And Hope that lives beyond the veil.

(NOVEMBER

G RAY, dripping mists enswathe the hills,
Chill rains make resonant the rills.

Beneath the pines in darkling glades,
In choral notes sing white cascades.

Loud brooks with swollen amber flow,
And smoother all their pebbles grow.

The misty hills behind the rain,
Shed inspiration sweet and sane.

Go, little birds, the Southern heat
Calls hence from far your pinions fleet.

The river curves among the hills,
But all its curves one current fills.

God's plans through varied ages run ;
In all their windings they are one.

In autumn's chills and winter's harms,
Beneath are everlasting arms.

O good gray gloom, O frozen sod,
Great peace have ye in trusting God!

VERSES

ORPHEUS AND THE SIRENS

WHEN Ulysses, on the sea,
Hears the Sirens' luring songs,
Ship's crew's ears with wax fills he,
Binds himself with knotted thongs:
Foils he thus the Sirens' guile,
Passes safe th' enchanted isle.

But when Orpheus on the sea
Hears the Sirens' sorcerous songs,
To his Argonauts sings he,
Richer ravishment prolongs;
Sweeter his than Sirens' strains;
He th' enchanted shore disdains.

Trust, or holy love, is light;
Flesh, mere cloud-wrack of the west,
Which alone hath colors bright
When in day's pure glory dressed;
Gate of heaven, if drenched with day,
Only fog, the light away.

“ Only fog,” sings Orpheus loud ;
“ All the bliss is in the light ;
Love the radiance, not the cloud ;
Foul mere mists, and vacant night.
Only fog the Sirens sell ;
Sunbeams none in Sirens dwell.”

GEM A-WING

THE HUMMING BIRD

LIKE a shooting star
Flashing near and far—
Yet she cannot sing,
Sapphire Gem a-wing.

Poised in air she sips
Nectar blossom tips—
Yet she cannot sing,
Dainty Gem a-wing.

Liquid neck of blue,
Shot with amber through—
Yet she cannot sing,
Timid Gem a-wing.

Body green and gold,
Iris manifold—
Yet she cannot sing,
Sparkling Gem a-wing.

Overtones

Eyes alert with flame,
Spirit who can tame?
Yet she cannot sing,
Darting Gem a-wing.

Tiny nest of moss,
Downy, silken floss—
Yet she cannot sing
Brooding Gem a-wing.

Viewless wings give sound,
Mystic tones surround—
Only so can sing—
Humming Gem a-wing.

Great of brain and heart,
Angels' joy thou art—
Thou to them dost sing,
Holy Gem a-wing.

FOREST ERMINE

ERMINE in the forest aisles
Earth and heaven reconciles ;
In the solemn, dazzling dells,
Sound, far off, celestial bells.

Where the winds, with whispers low,
Sing in cedars white with snow,
Seraphs with unsullied feet
Bring to men surprises sweet.

In the winter's keen ozone,
Through the forests walk alone ;
By the cloudless, orbic moon,
Best in high, effulgent noon.

Where no evil hath been done,
And, if thou hast wisdom won,
Thou shalt meet with angels there ;
Earth sees none more tall and fair.

Not the banyan, not the palm,
Offereth man the subtlest balm ;

Overtones

But the pine-tree under snow,
Ermine, emerald, matched, aglow.

High and vast the holy halls;
Voice, not human, through them calls;
Hear who listen there alone,
Tonic tones from Heaven's throne.

Overarched, cathedral boughs,
Singing, soothe unquiet brows;
In His forests, green and white,
God hath dwelling and delight.

A SNOW SONG

THRICE blessed be our days;
Snow feeds the fireside blaze,
And draws within its rays
The ordered household ways,
And languid license slays,
Makes bold the freemen's gaze,
Gives stalwart States their praise;
White zones are free;
Home, liberty,
Are plants that grow
Only in snow.

CHANTICLEER

CHANTICLEER, chanticleer,
Who tells thee that dawn is near?
Yet the night is chill and black,
But thou say'st the sun comes back.
I believe thee,
I receive thee,
As a prophet of the Lord,
And I rise up at thy word.
His be all my day begun,
He my Sun behind the sun.

Cliff Seat, Oct. 1, 1894. Before daylight.

SONG OF THE OLD SILURIAN SHORE

EARLIEST ripple of life was my own,
Born of the breath of Heaven alone;
Centuries old new centuries meet,
Forty times forty are under thy feet;
Forty times forty are over thy head,
Ages on ages by Providence led:
Whither away? and now whither away?
Out of the darkness and into the day.

Earliest mountains I saw as they rose;
Earliest greenness of all that yet grows,
Daintiest mosses and stateliest trees,
Continents founded in stormiest seas;
Earth set in order but lonely as yet,
Globe rolling softly, as suns rose and set:
Whither away? and now whither away?
Out of the darkness and into the day.

Earliest birds in the first sapphire skies,
Earliest flitting of all that yet flies:

Earliest beasts in the echoing groves,
Earliest ranging of all that yet roves,
Earliest monsters that lashed the salt seas
Life still ascending in sunlight and breeze:
 Whither away? and now whither away?
 Out of the darkness and into the day.

Next I saw man in his earliest hour,
Late comer he, but with girding of power:
Hushed grew the world for his Maker now spoke;
Deep in man's conscience divinity woke:
Man the voice follows, though often he falls;
Onward the voice leads, and upward it calls:
 Whither away? and now whither away?
 Out of the darkness and into the day.

Holiest, holiest, holiest hour,
Christ as man's climax, in Deity's power,
Saw I, appear—and suffer. Ascend,
Sound of my surges, world without end,
Praise the one purpose which heightening runs
Onward through men as in atoms and suns;
 Whither away? and now whither away?
 Out of the darkness and into the day.

Suggested by a Silurian ripple stone at Cliff Seat.

A MEMORY OF THE FOREST

SANG to the oak and birch and elm, the pine :
Rippled the glad brooks living, liquid tones ;
Bathed their smooth breasts the mossy, gurgling
stones ;
Warbled the birds from dewy shrub and vine ;
Pierced the fresh glades aromas keen and fine ;
Outshone the violet's blue the azure zones ;
Dropped in the dark, deep woods balsamic cones ;
Fell God's eye there alone on thine and mine :
Throbbled the white morn's engulfing, crystal seas ;
Floated the stream spring's fallen blossom snow ;
Flew home with honey rich the purple bees ;
Kissed the brook's lips the willows bending low ;
Swept the loud, tall, tree harps the sweet southwest ;
Thrilled the awed forest, murmuring vast and blest.

LION AND EAGLE

LEO, *loquitur*:

EGO terrarum Pontifex!
My lands and seas the globe enclose:
All I adjoin I would annex;
My Empire through the ages flows,
Its neighbors wane. *It grows, It grows.*
One tongue, one throne gives earth repose.
I burst the gates which trade perplex;
I cut the cords that commerce vex.
By magic of the open door,
The world, mine oyster, I explore.
At my fierce roar and swinging tail
The brightest tropic stars grow pale.

AQUILA, *loquitur*:

Hush, Leo! Thou hast many foes;
The love of fairness world-wide grows,
Boast more of light and less of might,
Confederate, they the globe enclose,
Who stand for law and holy right

And arbitration's banners white.
The Golden Rule is market law
Of which the shrewdest stand in awe;
The Golden Rule has market worth,
Men of good will have peace on earth.
Predacious swagger thou must drop,
Vast shaggy mane and hirsute crop.

LEO, *loquitur*:

Cease, Aquila. Thou art but young:
Thy greatest gifts are eye and tongue.
Thy land is large; thy people small,
As yet thou hast enough for all;
But when the rich thy poor devour,
Lo, then will come thy bitter hour.
Once, thou hadst freedom; with it, slaves;
Yet honor, thou, thy martyrs' graves.
Thy wings that skirt the sun, behold,
Are flecked with flagrant love of gold.
Thy talons hurl Heaven's thunderbolts—
But only when it rules thy votes.
Thou art not changeless. Who knows when
May blaze disunion's fires again?
Grant that thou lovest light and right,
Fierce faction chiefly loveth might.
Thou art not ripe yet. Who can tell
If thou in time will ripen well?
Opposing force must not escape
My roads (Rhodes) from Cairo to the Cape.

AQUILA, *loquitur*:

From East to West, from palm to pine,
The earth is God's—not thine or mine;
His purpose conquers. With Him I
All men would lift toward His sky.
All men with tintings myriad
Are men—white, black and brown and red;
One holy right is manifest,
Each soul's full right to do its best;
Beware who fetters natural growth,
To slay such Heaven is never loath:
Firm law and freedom earth adorn,
Tho' freedom yet hath many a thorn.
Let Naboth's vineyard not have name,
As ancient symbol of thy fame.
Thou tak'st thy path and I my own,
And each will reap what he hath sown.

Cliff Seat, May 26, 1901.

TRANSIT

THE world I own a little time :
All ages past
Are mine, are one in bonds sublime,
Both first and last :
All men are one, or near or far,
As sky is one from star to star.

The young lamb thinks the world is new ;
But long before
His precious day the skies were blue
In seasons four ;
And lucent brooks had silver sheen,
And rainbows hung the hills between.

The young child thinks the world is young ;
Time far gone by
The sun and moon in heaven swung ;
Eternity
Behind him lies. And so God's plan
Has ripened to the birth of man.

The world is mine a little space,
 For others then ;
But all who come to take my place
 Are brother men.
A man am I : all men with me
Haste into vast Eternity.

YOUTH AND AGE

THE young spring brook, with icy edge
Tinkling, clear and cool,
Leaps adown a mossy ledge
Into an ice-bound pool:
The spring has hope
With ice to cope;
For God on high,
The mellow sky,
And vernal star,
Ice-gates unbar.

Autumnal brook, with icy edge,
Tinkling, clear and cool,
Leaps adown a mossy ledge
Into an ice-bound pool:
It has no hope,
With ice to cope;
For God on high,
The shivering sky,
And winter's star,
The ice-gates bar.

THE SOUL'S THIRST

AT the hill's top a spring,
At the hill's foot a school;
Bright waters in both,
Glad, crystalline, cool.

Deep drank I of one,
Of the other a sip;
Not body, but soul
Has the thirstier lip.

Where now is the spring?
Its waters yet flow.
Where now is the school?
Dismissed long ago.

Here the wood-thrushes sing
To the rain-rippled pool;
All lands and all seas
Have been mine as a school.

But the soul thirsteth yet,
Till Eternity's sea,
With fathomless waves
Shall satisfy me.

TUMBLING AMBER—AN OMEN

TUMBLING amber, where art thou,
Once so full of noise?
Heaven its rain withholds, and now
Vanished are thy joys.

Pride thou hadst in liquid pearls,
Gems in cascades white,
Currents crystal, glittering swirls,
Singing day and night.

Thou didst trust the far, green height
Thee to fill with rain,
Where the eagles take their flight—
But thy trust was vain.

Source of brooks is not in hills;
Source of brooks, the sky;
And there only when He wills
Who has power on high.

Lo! the winter brings the snow,
And the spring the sun;
Summer showers walk to and fro;
Autumn russets run

Rustling on thy pebbles white,
Tuneless now and dry,
Yet lose not alertness quite—
God thy faith would try.

Far o'erhead the clouds are spread,
Winds have whispers low;
The drought is dead—thy springs are fed;
Thy Maker bids thee flow.

Let eagles sunward take their flights,
Space boast of star-dust sown;
Dependent are the haughtiest heights
And thou—on God alone.

THE BIRD OF BOTH TWILIGHTS

I

BIRD of vespers, bird of dawn,
Out of human sight withdrawn,
Half in bliss, half woe-begone,

Whippoorwill, whippoorwill,
Loud thy liquid wood-notes fill,
Both the holy twilights still,

As they filled them long ago,
When the brooks began to flow
And the world had not a woe.

II

Earliest and latest one,
When the garish day is done,
And before the rising sun,

Let thy tranceful, tearful tune,
Charm the listening stars and moon,
Fill the secret dells of June.

Myriad forests, lakes, and streams,
Golden gloamings, latest gleams,
Silver dawn's divinest beams.

III

In the city's grimy haze,
In the roar of dusty ways,
In the burdened, heavy days,

I, in thought, will hear thee then,
Near to me but far from men,
I will make my street a glen,

Carpeted with shade and shine
Of the moonbeams' light divine
Resonant with songs of thine.

IV

Thee our fathers heard around
Pilgrim camps on virgin ground,
With the ocean's mingled sound.

Sea to sea, the pioneer
Hauntest thou with subtle cheer,
Minstrel of the hushed frontier.

Dewy dusk on hill and plain,
Soul of silence thy refrain,
Healing falls from thee like rain.

v

Bird of lonely mystery,
Palpitant with ecstasy,
Omen of eternity,

Voice of hope but plaintive still,
Call on men for wit and will;
All our human twilights thrill.

Ages yet shall mark thy ways,
And with thee, in wiser days,
Offer in both twilights praise.

SONNETS

NIAGARA

I

WHEN Rome fell, where wert thou, colossal Fall?
In slow recession thou hast wandered back;
These leagues of seething chasm were thy track.
When lost Atlantis sank, where didst thou call
To thy vexed precipices? What if all
Thy dates were written, from the fiery sack
Of Troy up to the Deluge green and black?
How eloquent were then thy storied wall!
When first in thee were dipped the lightning's wings?
What thought hast thou of Saturn and his rings?
What wert thou in thy youth when man was not?
When thou and he first met hast thou forgot?
Speak, dateless roar, for thou art old and wise;
Thy mem'ries are unsounded majesties.

II

I hear the thunderous thud, the muffled roar,
I see the blinding, wheeling, smiting mists,

The greens, the grays, purples and amethysts;
From Heaven's wide palm thy frightened cataracts
 pour,
And I look up beneath them and adore.
 Above me hang chain lightnings on the wrists
 Of summer tempests. In the awesome lists
Of contests are the thunders and thy shore.
Beneath thy quivering, riven cliffs, I lie
And gaze into the lightning and the sky,
But I hear only thee and touch and see
A hand which undergirds immensity.
Thou speakest much, but speakest most of Him;
God, God, God walks on thy watery rim.

SUNSET

VAST flings abroad his arms the setting sun ;
He resteth not from labors hotly pressed ;
He seems, but only seems, to sink to rest ;
His feet across all continents have run,
He mercy's errands in all lands has done ;
A circuit ended, he renews his quest,
And pauses never in his service blest,
The twilight here, the morning there begun :
Earth girdles he with cestus of bright fire ;
Each flower she wears he makes his special care ;
He decketh her with rainbows, round and round ;
Her wings keep time with his and never tire ;
His bride in clasp of right arm bold and bare,
He flieth through the Infinite, without sound.

THE SKY

I

HE who hath looked with insight on the sky,
And once asked, Whither look I? on and on,
How far hath Light, outdarting, ever shone?
Or whence the ray that me now passes by?
How far from hence do its white sources lie?
How far beyond the dawn to furthest dawn?
In upward flight, how far hath seraph gone?
Hath questions asked that can gain no reply
From man or angel. Infinite the space,
Encurtaining man's heedless, little race:
Sublimar far than all the stars it holds,
No end and no beginning it unfolds;
Unbounded, self-existent, changeless, One,
His vesture Who is brighter than the sun.

II

In God's space are all souls that ever were,
Both good and evil. There the Judgment Day

Will dawn. There heaven and earth will flee away
Before the Great White Throne. The awesome stir
Of worlds made now in fires that wheel and whir,
As skies together roll, is there. The ray
Of hope from which the righteous never stray,
Shall there for them no tremor have, nor blur.
There beckon ransomed hosts to seats above
All souls who love what God and angels love.
O loyal cohorts crowned in endless space,
O Seraph choirs who see your Sov'reign's face,
Enswathe us in our present low estate
And lead our lawless lives to Heaven's gate !

WASHINGTON, AFTER A CENTURY

I DEAL son of liberty and law
And Father of safe freedom! Still he prays
At Valley Forge. He walks the blood-stained ways
The unformed nation as an infant saw.
Ripe senates from his insight wisdom draw;
New times exalt and clarify his praise.
A hundred years he bears remorseless gaze
Of history, which finds in him no flaw.
His forehead broad has radiance from the light
Which falls upon it from the Great White Throne:
His wisdom was his Maker's, not his own:
From God his sword and balanced word had might;
Our measure of a man whom nothing mars,
Nor less than angel now among the stars.

As his wide wings ascend the solemn sky,
His hand yet sows the earth with precious seed,
And signals guidance as the nations need.
He joins the immortal starry choir on high
Which teacheth measure to man's liberty.
The foresight of the seraphs in his creed,

Washington, after a Century — 91

A service of the cherubim his deed.
And Freedom's martyred souls in majesty
Stand with him in the constellations vast,
And ask how long man's lawlessness will last.
He sees yet famished earth beneath him roll
And knows what cosmic rain and ray and soul
Can give it harvests and its hosts unite
With bliss like his in loyalty and light.

ST. JAMES'S PARK

C H A R L E S F I R S T walked here to meet the head-
man's axe ;
 Out of his path spring forth these blood-red flowers ;
 Here met his kingly power yet kinglier powers ;
A patriot army scorned his whips and racks.
Here Milton on the hours laid holy tax,
 His windows, not his eyes, looked on these bowers ;
 His starry lamp watched hoar Westminster's towers
And lit the world from yon brown house which lacks
Not yet his name. These children on the sward
At play among the leaves reap his reward.
Let life be cheerful here as the broad day :
 For here new majesties of law had birth ;
 A thunderbolt here voiced the people's worth :
Cromwell and Vane are ghosts not far away.

ST. GAUDENS'S PURITAN

A STRIDE he makes in God's name forward far :
The Holy Word he carries on his heart ;
Revealèd truth and he may never part.
And on his forehead is Faith's holy star :
Its rays of prayer and purpose brook no bar
In this New World, and in the Old they dart
Dismay to tyrants, as they cut apart
A monarch's neck and head. The glittering car
Of triumph he now gives to sacred things ;
He kneels to God but not to lawless kings,
This exiled pioneer of better days
In home and school and trade and Church and
State ;
His watchwords the dim nations yet amaze,
And plaudits in the wisest ages wait.

St. Gaudens's bronze statue of the Puritan, Springfield, Mass.

WERE VISION OPEN

THIS world were spoiled if Heaven burst on us now.
A longing to depart and be at home
Would make us weary of the sapphire dome,
Were vision open. Seraphic hosts that bow
Before the Great White Throne learn safely how
The galaxies of souls that ether roam
And galaxies of suns that toss their foam
Up to the Heaven of heavens, with bliss endow
Eternity. So spoiled were man to see
All depths in which lost souls sink endlessly.
Our virtue would be selfish, if we quailed
Before perdition were it full unveiled:
Best for us to see, darkly and afar,
Heaven's gates, or Hell's only as yet ajar.

THE COMPLETION OF APOLLO

I SEE Olympus from Parnassus Height,
The throne of Jove, Apollo's holy shrine,
And Delphi, with its mysteries divine;
The Muses nine sing round me in the night,
And ghosts of Marathon amaze the sight;
The hundred starry souls of Athens shine
On high, and all their cold, keen light is mine:
But overhead the Cross, vast outline bright,
Dazzles these ghosts, and all the stars and lands;
In prayer beneath it I lift up my hands
With thanks for light completed, truth and grace,
A revelation of God's heart and face
Entranced before which now Apollo falls,
And every bell of coming sunrise calls.

At night on Mt. Parnassus.

IN PRAISE OF TRUST

I

I KNOW that thou art true and strong and pure;
My forehead on thy palm I fall asleep;)
My sentinels with thee no vigils keep,
Though elsewhere never without watch secure.
How restful is thy palm. I life endure,
These stranger souls whose veils I shyly sweep;
These doubts what secrets hide within the deep.
Because aglow within the vast obscure,
Thy hand is whitest light. My Peace art thou;
My firm, green isle within a troubled sea;
And lying here, and looking upward now,
I ask, if thou art this, what God must be;
If thus I rest within thy goodness, how
In goodness of the Infinite degree!

II

That subtle hour beside the crystal lake,
My spirit through thy spirit looked aloft,

And trust in thee threw open, blue and soft,
A sky above my former sky to make
A window in the deep, and new light break,
As if a bluer blue the old blue doffed,
And softer softness the old softness scoffed ;
I felt on all my hills a new spring wake.
None in the wide, sly world, trust I as thee ;
But thee I trust and trust most utterly
And at the window of this trust my soul,
Weary and sad and lame, grows glad and whole ;
And streaming through that window's dewy bar,
Shines God, a sun, no more a far, faint star.

III

I trust thee, trust thee, trust thee, and my trust
Hath bliss that never the pure heavens allot
To that cheap love which perfect trust hath not.
Our spirits interfused, themselves, adjust
As sunbeams into sunbeams wholly thrust,
Lucent to lucent searching every spot,
White ecstasy to every fibre shot ;
Refreshment, sweetness, strength, elation just ;
Each endless lance of light lance endless fills ;
Each endless lance of heat lance endless thrills.
Trustless, if flecked, love hath no endless lance ;
Empty all love with unrest in its glance ;
Narrow all love that builds no boundless sky,
And hath no kinship to infinity.

IV

In this white soul of thine if it filled all
God filleth now, could nothing wrong abide ;
These clear, glad eyes could no pollution hide ;
But, from their balanced heaven, would thunders call,
And from their pure, swift beams would lightnings fall
To smite wrong ere the wrong be multiplied,
And burn the thorn before it pierced the side,
And crime in every rolling globe appall.
And yet these perfect eyes in which mine sleep,
Would not be sweet did they not lightnings keep :
In softest skies the hottest fire-bolts dwell :
Thine eyes mix dew and fire and both are well.
If thus I trust this soul, O God, how Thee ;
Both Love's and Lightning's full Infinity.

V

This crystal soul of thine were it outspread
Until the drop should fill the universe,
How in it might the angels' wings immerse
And wake and sleep the living and the dead ;
Where sad eyes bathe ; rests Doubt its tossing head ;
Swim the vast worlds ; dissolve Guilt's icy curse ;
And sightless, if but loyal, each disperse
Fear by full trust, and by devotion dread.
I sleep in Thee, my God, as in this soul,
Trust Thee as I trust this which Thou hast made ;

Let sight to Thee be tranceful trust persuade;
 In loyal trust from sin and guilt grow whole;
 If loving what Thou lov'st, in Christ lose fear,
 When I before Thy Great White Throne appear.

VI

On thee I lean in utter Trust, and touch,
 With the soul's radiance far inshot,
 A something that is in but of thee not.
 And over this strange sense I wonder much;
 The crystal in thee hath a posture such,
 The sunlight hath in it a Sun begot;
 A Sun that is in thee but of thee not.
 In climbing heavenward now I need no crutch;
 Wings have I when with thine my pulses beat,
 I breathe, alert thy crystallineness sweet,
 Thy genuineness lofty and elate,
 And seem to breathe the God in them inmate.
 My soul ascends. I breathe Thy Inmost Soul:
 In breathing Thee I breathe Thy Aureole.

VII

In Love's high trust I feel that all the stars
 Fight for me in their courses. / I rejoice,
 And with the morning stars lift up my voice
 And sing. Through all their ruddy lighted bars,
 Morning and evening bless me. Nothing mars
 This ecstasy of holy, restful choice:

Rejoicing we rejoice and more rejoice,
Nor beareth our deep trust a trace of scars:
Unwounded it hath met the fiercest test
Of storm and sun and subtly severing years,
In joy and pain, in poorest and in best,
In presence and in absence, smiles and tears:
And yet it grows: and, be it God's behest,
It yet shall grow and more absorb our fears.

A REMINISCENCE

I KISSED her here and all the grove is sweet ;
Our love has proved itself a thornless rose ;
Our lips met long transfused, and with the throes
Of passion crystalline, intense and meet
To give the angels joy who at the feet
Of God, wreathed soul in soul, as glows
Of morning wreathed in glows of morn, repose,
Or in translucent ether flame and beat.
Yonder we sat a holy hour entranced,
And now the hour, through the full years advanced,
Burns with the leaves, sings with the birds, and
lanced
Though air and sky and clouds and sun and dew,
As floods the morn these rustling arches through,
Entrances and transfigures as if new.

AT FLORENCE

ON A THIRTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

I AM with God alone, as turns my glass
Its sands half run. An hour I sit at feet
Of Angelo and Dante. It is meet
Their hands should be in mine as thus I pass
From brook to river. Now my Arno's mass
Escapes its Apennines. Heaven knows how sweet
Above there were both rain and flinty sleet.
God's sunlight by the ice makes green the grass.
In this fat plain those far peaks are my force;
Their rains float fleets at my new, toiling strands;
The glaciers and the sunbeams give me course;
The light and I can never have divorce;
From clouds to springs, from springs to ocean sands,
I flow from God to God into His hands.

Church of Santa Croce, January 26th.

MONTMORENCI

O LOUD and loitering veil of amber snow!
Come hither, Fays, and from the silver mists
Cut kirtles for yourselves, and for your wrists
Snatch bracelets from the palpitating bow;
And in the chanting air flit to and fro;
 Among the greens, and grays, and amethysts
 Find starry crowns, and then into the lists
In contest for the prize of beauty go:
And with the large, low moon sing to the pines,
And with the starlight shoot the spangled lines,
Through winter's pomp and all the seasons four
Walk on the brink from which the cataracts pour:
The King of Fays hath clothed the black cliffs so:
Sing to the sun, the storm—fire, hail, and snow.

SEA BATHING

SUBLIMITIES enswathe us. Billows hoar
Plunge over us their seething cataracts' might,
As up we swim their crystal bosoms bright
And clasp their necklace gems. In surge we soar.
Thunders the league-long breaker on the shore;
Lifts slow another its green dizzy height;
Swells, flashes, threatens, topples, breaks in white;
And yet come others on with roar and roar.
Grave anthems sounding in our quivering souls;
An organ tone of God within us rolls;
In His infinities we rise, or sink.
His majesties engulf us. Him we drink.
All lands the ocean laveth, love we, too;
All shores with her salute, caress, and woo.

At Newport.

THE IROQUOIS

LORDS of the tomahawk and twanging bow,
Six Nations regal, kindred and allied,
Chieftains in stately forests, prairies wide,
From Hudson's hills to Mississippi's flow,
Who taught you federated valor so
That every warrior had a sov'reign's stride,
Yet every matron voted at his side
At the great council fire? A full-voiced "No"
Your mothers had to quench or fan your strife,
And holy was to you the matron's life.
Warriors whom no one without terror saw,
Maize-fields ye had, and villages and law;
Souls eloquent as lightning in the night,
Not children but the brethren of the white.

SLAUGHTERED SAINTS AS SOVEREIGNS

IN MEMORY OF ARMENIAN AND CHINESE MARTYRS

THE men they make are tests of all the creeds;
The martyrs' blood is reddened by the breath
Of Faith for which they gladly suffer death.
The creeds are mothers and the daughters deeds.
These ruddy drops, O Lord, make Thou the seeds
Of new heroic growths. The Scripture saith—
And blessed is the ear that listeneth—
That Cross to Crown, from blackest torture, leads.
The hosts of faithful souls are fixed as stars
Above our dim and troubled human state.
They guide us and they judge us. Nothing mars
Their light. And we must meet them soon or late.
Sword, scaffold, famine, fagot, prison bars
Are sweet to him whom Heaven's approvals wait.

A NATURAL SUPERNATURAL

AS in, not of, the crystal morning dews,
The glad, keen sparkles of the sunlight shine,
So in, not of men, flames somewhat divine.
The javelin beams of God's high morn transfuse
The conscience. They who that light use,
In them a dewy sparkle has its shrine,
A natural supernatural. It is mine.
I fear before that sparkle. Oh, my Muse,
He is in me. Let Him possess me quite.
Let all my drop drink God. Reflected ray,
Shall not my light have something of His light,
And His, as echo, be some word I say?
In every dew-drop is a little star,
In every soul is light that comes from far.

A FAR SHORE

ON a far shore my land swam out of sight,
But I could see familiar, native stars;
My home was shut from me by ocean bars,
Yet home hung there above me in the night;
Unchanged fell down on me Orion's light;
As always Venus rose and fiery Mars;
My own the Pleiads yet, and without jars
In wonted tones sang all the heavenly height.
So when in death from underneath my feet
Rolls the round world, I then shall see the sky
Of God's truths burning yet familiarly;
My native constellations I shall greet;
I lose the outer, not the inner eye;
The landscape, not the soul's Stars when I die.

BOSTON HYMNS

IGDRASIL

TREE AND LEAF

ONWARD storms my strong-limbed race,
Pause for me is nigh;
Long on earth will men have place,
Not much longer I.

Thousand summers kiss the lea,
Only one the sheaf;
Thousand springs may deck the tree,
Only one the leaf.

Gone already earlier leaves;
Lonely on my bough
Cling I whom the wind bereaves,
Rustling russet now.

On Time's leafy carpet I
Fall in God's great lap;
Once we live and when we die
Feed the Future's sap.

Overtones

Seed whose sap God's light allures
Riseth from the sod;
In a tropic heaven matures
Whoso loveth God.

Grow, great Igdrasil! Thy roots
Drink God's glittering dew;
In thy sunniest topmost shoots,
We our life renew.

THE TOUCH OF THE UNSEEN

AS feel the flowers the sun in heaven,
But sun and sunlight never see;
So feel I Thee, O God, my God,
Thy dateless noontide hid from me.

As touch the buds the blessed rain,
But rain and rainbow never see;
So touch I Thee in bliss or pain,
Thy far vast rainbow veiled from me.

Orion, moon and sun and bow,
Amaze a sky unseen by me;
God's wheeling Heaven is there, I know,
Although its arch I may not see.

In low estate, I, as the flower,
Have nerves to feel, not eyes to see;
The subtlest in the conscience is
Thyself and that which toucheth Thee.

Forever it may be that I
More yet shall feel, and shall not see;
Above all souls Thy wholeness rolls
Not visibly, but tangibly.

But flaming heart to rain and ray
Turn I in meekest loyalty;
I breathe and move and live in Thee,
And drink the ray I cannot see.

GOD'S BLISS

A HYMN FOR FOUR SEASONS

GOD now girds with flowers the zone,
Clasps His right arm round His own
Planet's breast, and claspeth all
Suns and planets, great and small:
Bliss hath He who bliss doth give
In all worlds to all that live.

God now moves in summer heat,
Fills with growth His rolling, fleet
Planet's breast, and filleth all
Suns and planets, great and small:
Bliss hath He who bliss doth give
In all worlds to all that live.

God now ripens autumn corn,
Swathes in gold His else forlorn
Planet's breast, and blesseth all
Suns and planets, great and small:
Bliss hath He who bliss doth give
In all worlds to all that live.

God now whiteneth earth with snow,
Cleanseth with His rains His low
Planet's breast, and cleanseth all
Suns and planets, great and small:
Bliss hath He who bliss doth give
In all worlds to all that live.

THE CREED OF CERTAINTIES

“ Before the Throne there was a sea of glass like
unto crystal.”—*Rev.* iv., 6.

ON the glassy sea of green,
Flooded with God's noontide keen,
Can there be for sin a screen?
Omnipresence none can flee:
Flight from God to God must be.

Evermore with God must I
Dwell in strife or harmony;
Evermore my changeless past
Gaze on me from out the vast;
Thou art first, and Thou art last.

Oh! if now before Thy face,
In Thy brightness I had place,
With the past unscreened from me,
Thou from whom I cannot flee,
How could peace abide with me?

Since from Thee in heart estranged,
If this instant, I, unchanged,
Were in Heaven, Thou, God, dost know,
Highest Heaven were deepest woe,
I and it are variant so.

God, O God! Thy likeness give;
In and of Thee let me live;
God, O God! for sin atone,
By Thy love awake my own:
I must face Thy Great White Throne.

BETTER HE

LO, the Maker, better He,
Greater than His works must be.
Of the works the lowest stair
Thought can scale but fainteth there.

Bounds of sun-groups none can see;
Worlds God droppeth on His knee;
Galaxies that loftiest swarm
Float before a loftier Form.

Brighter He Who maketh bright
Jasper, beryl, chrysolite;
Lucent more than they, Whose hands
Girded up Orion's bands.

Mighty speed of suns and worlds,
Mightier who these onward hurls.
Strong is law, but He its source,
Law of law and force of force.

Overtones

On the wheels of worlds He rides ;
In the conscience He abides ;
Highest outmost, God alone
Deepest inmost makes His throne.

Thee with all our strength and heart,
God, we love for what Thou art ;
Conquered we, obedient now ;
Only, only perfect Thou.

LOVE OF LOVE

LOVE of love, so vast its grasp,
Only God can round it clasp;
Only He can still us quite,
Hungering for the Infinite.

Duty done, the soul's fireside,
Blest who makes its ingle wide;
He who hath it hath no chill,
He may have it whoso will.

Toss we must, and toss we ought,
Until to that ingle brought;
Bliss hath he and only he
Who in God becometh free.

Inly always shall rejoice,
Whoso loves the still small voice.
Solitude's hushed secret—what?
Solitude existeth not.

Overtones

Good is love, but better who
Giveth love its power to woo.
Radiant more His face must be,
Who transfigureth land and sea.

Earth's vexed ages, lonely I,
Kinship have in loyalty;
As God's pulses past us throng,
Be their sound our marching song.

HEAVEN AND HOME

BREATH of God from Heaven's hills,
Fill our souls as music fills
Harps Æolian. Every tone
In life's anthem make Thine own.

Fill our homes, Thou God of might!
Goodness, beauty, truth, delight,
In at all their windows pour.
Enter Thou at every door.

Friends of God our friends shall be;
Love we every land and sea,
Both the silent wheeling poles
And the universe of souls.

Myriad homes by Heaven blessed
Bind Thou round the sad earth's breast.
One roof only is the sky;
Household one, humanity.

Let our labor be a song,
Wise, alluring, swift, and long.
Kneeling on our fathers' graves,
Pray we for the faith that saves.

Be our only roof the sky
And the hand of God Most High.
Build we not upon the sands;
Ours a house not made with hands.

GOD'S TIME NOW

CHOOSE I must, and soon must choose
Holiness, or Heaven lose.
While what Heaven loves I hate,
Shut for me is Heaven's gate.

Endless sin means endless woe.
Into endless sin I go,
If my soul, from reason rent,
Takes from sin its final bent.

Balance lost, but not regained,
Final bent is soon attained.
Fate is choice in fullest flower.
Man is flexile—for an hour!

As the stream its channel grooves,
And within that channel moves,
So doth habit's deepest tide
Groove its bed, and there abide.

Light obeyed increaseth Light,
Light resisted bringeth night.
Who shall give me will to choose,
If the love of Light I lose?

Speed, my soul; this instant yield;
Let the Light its sceptre wield.
While thy God prolongeth grace,
Haste thee toward His holy face!

CHRISTUS CONSUMMATOR

I N the thunder, live and loud,
In the sunlight and the cloud,
Thou dost dwell and souls are free;
We the waves and Thou the sea—
God, our Lord and Saviour be.

God who wert and art to come,
Of all spirits source and home,
Life of life and soul of soul,
In Thy breath the heavens roll—
In Thy mercy make us whole!

As the air enswathes the cloud,
So dost Thou all souls enshroud;
As within the cloud the air,
Thou indweldest everywhere—
Lord, returning rebels spare!

By Thee filled, as air with light,
Absolute and Infinite,
We by Thee shot through and through,
Bliss or woe in Thee renew—
Fill us, Lord, as light the dew!

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR

HOLY, holy, holy Cross,
All else won I count but loss,
Sapphire suns are dust and dross
In the radiance of the Face
Which reveals God's way of grace
Open to a rebel race.

Ransom He and ransomed we,
Love and Justice here agree ;
Let the angels bend and see
Endless is this mystery :
He, the Judge, our pardon wins ;
In His wounds our peace begins.

Looking on the accursèd tree,
When we God as Saviour see,
Him as Lord we gladly choose,
Him as King cannot refuse,
Love of sin with guilt we lose,
So the Cross the soul renews.

In His righteousness we hide
Last long woe of guilt and pride;
In His Spirit we abide.
Naught are we, our all is He;
Christ's pierced hands have set us free;
Grace is this beyond degree.

Glory His above all height;
Mercy, Majesty, and Might;
God in man is love's delight;
Man in God of God hath sight;
Love is God's throne, great and white;
Day in God hath never night.

VOLCANO CRESTS

WHEN the eagle and the sparrow
Both shall build their fragile nests
On the hot, uncertain edges
Of unspent volcano crests,

What shall purge a poisoned nation,
What assuage its giddy heat?
Who shall calm avenging earthquakes
Boiling under bloody feet?

When the land is young no longer,
But grown old in chronic sins,
When the strife of class with classes
Both for bread and breath begins;

When the poor shall swarm with riot,
And the magic checks of trade
Stretch between the hungry worker
And the work his hands have made;

When the social vultures thicken,
And the strong the weak devour;
When the corpses of the people
Strew the stairways up to power;

When loud Faction sends its foxes
Blazing through the standing corn,
From the firebrands of the Furies,
Who shall save a world forlorn?

Through the ages crieth Wisdom,
And to-day she crieth long:
Sound of God's eternal pulses
Make the nation's marching-song.

Who beholds the hasting Judgment,
Who now feels what angels see,
Who in God as King has gladness,
Only he may dare be free.

SURSUM OCULOS

THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS

GOD the highest heaven o'erflows;
In the contrite heart dwells He;
Who finds here in God repose,
Finds it in eternity.

God outshineth starlit space,
It a spark but He the whole;
Instinct turns to Him the face,
Upward looks the praying soul.

Thou who makest instinct deep,
Thou who call'st from far and nigh,
With Thy work wilt promise keep,
Pardon grant to loyalty.

Stretch we hands toward the sky,
God of souls and God of suns;
Thou dost prompt our wailing cry,
Through us, too, Thy order runs.

With our foreheads in the dust,
Over us Thy thunder rolls;
But Thy promises we trust,
Thou hast peace for contrite souls.

God of justice, God of grace,
Rebels without ransom we;
Make our souls Thy dwelling-place,
Lord of Hosts, our ransom be!

SURSUM CORDA

THE FULFILLED DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS

CHRIST, the Son of God, is born—
Evermore to men draws near;
Lo! His light brings earth its morn,
Now burns God's Shekinah clear.

As the noon outshines a star,
So time's noon His glories drown;
He whom prophets saw afar,
He who is creation's crown.

Sinless He our nature takes,
Perfect God and perfect man;
His right arm our fetters breaks,
In His wounds our peace began.

Rebels Thou dost disenthral,
Measureless Atonement white;
Ransom hast Thou given for all
Who in holiness delight.

When we Thee as Saviour see,
Sin Thou meltest from our souls;
Pardon prompteth loyalty;
Grace guilt's burden from us rolls.

By Thy words we stand or fall,
Show us God and show us man;
Thine the Kingdom over all,
Finish what Thy Cross began.

THE WORLD'S MARSEILLAISE

NOW girt with lightnings, docile, fleet,
There stands an angel, with his feet
The one on sea and one on shore;
And Time henceforth shall be no more.

All men are men and men are one,
Join hands all zones beneath the sun,
White, bronze and black and brown and red,
All climates' tintings myriad.

Like rainbow colors, all are kin,
One God above, one Law within;
Man's sky with colors seven may glow,
But colors seven make Heaven's bow.

One sun is in our single sky,
And underneath one family;
On earth so great and yet so small,
All are for each and each for all.

Let God's great order through men run,
So pray the stars and moon and sun;
Amen, we answer, every one;
God's will in us be wholly done.

NOON OF NOONS

GOD the sun, the dewdrops we,
Lighteth every sparkle He;
Him we drink whose boundless light
Is perfection infinite.

In His sunbeams one are we,
Holy, holy, holy, He;
Noon of noons is in His face,
Endless justice, endless grace.

He whose will the heavens roll,
Upward leads the contrite soul;
To His chosen giveth He
Power the sons of God to be.

Heaven's high noon hath never night;
Sunbeams weave all robes of white;
Evermore surrendered souls
God's love crowns with aureoles.

Saviour Matchless, King Divine,
Light and Lightning, make us Thine;
As through crystal drops the sun,
Let Thy radiance through us run.

OPEN FURROWS

ONE field the wheeling world,
Vast furrows open lie;
Broadcast let seed be hurled
By us before we die.
Winds, East or West,
Let no tares fall;
Wide waft the best;
God winnow all.

Heaven hath a single sun,
All gates swing open wide;
All lands at last are one,
And seas no more divide.
In every zone,
Arise and shine;
Earth's only throne,
Our God, be Thine.

Let types ideal grow,
Shine Thou through all the race;

All features beauty show
If God flames through the face.
Let all aspire ;
Our sins consume ;
Send tongues of fire,
And all illumine.

On every desert rain,
Make green earth's flintiest sands ;
Above the land and main
Reveal Thy pierced hands.
Thy Cross Heaven wins :
Lift it on high ;
And in his sins
Let no man die.

GOD OF NATIONS

GOD of the nations rise,
Fix on Thyself our eyes,
Wisdom, Love, Might :
Draw Thou as noon-tide nigh,
Flood Thou the earth and sky ;
Keen, white, pure, vast, and high,
Let there be Light.

God of our fathers' day,
Make us as wise as they,
Thy Truth our guide :
Ours be Thy bugle call,
One plan Thou hast in all,
As the new ages fall,
In us abide.

God make our vision clear,
Duty as freedom dear ;
Right all our wrongs :

God of Nations

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Strong in Truth gladly heard,
Loyal to all Thy word,
Nations with hope deferred,
 Fill Thou with songs.

God in all faces shine,
So make Thou all men Thine,
 Under one dome:
Face to face, soul to soul,
East to west, pole to pole,
As the great ages roll,
 Be Thou our home.

SUNS AND SPARROWS

MANY an age God's globe has rolled,
Many a star His palms enfold;
Frailest birds, head under wing,
Sleep in Him and wake to sing.

God to angels giveth food;
Sheltereth He the sparrow's brood:
Galaxies obey His call;
Marketh He the sparrow's fall.

Seas of suns to Heaven's dome
Anthems roll as ocean foam;
Sparrows in the woodlands dim
Sing their dawn and vesper hymn.

Holy, holy, holy He,
Light, life, love, and majesty;
His infinities have song,
Which eternities prolong.

GOD IN MAN

MANY harps, but one the breeze ;
One the light on lands and seas ;
One the air in many flames ;
One our God in many names.

Many waves, but one the sea ;
Many leaves, but one the tree ;
One the ocean, many storms ;
One the life, but many forms.

Many dew-drops in the sun,
Source of all their sparkles one ;
Light of light and Life of life,
God with souls hath peace or strife.

Many branches, one the vine ;
Human we and He divine ;
We the flames and He the air ;
Who His power affront shall dare ?

Breathe within our breathing, Thou ;
Beat within our pulses now ;
Conscience of our conscience be,
Soul of souls eternally.

FORECAST

GOD only changeth not :
The sun and moon,
And earth's dim wheeling dot,
I shall leave soon :
Nor sky, nor land, nor sea,
Abides with fleeting me ;
I shall forgotten be
Beneath the noon.

God will remember me :
To Him I go ;
Which shall I choose to be,
His friend or foe ?
Behind death's open gate,
What destinies await
My final love or hate,
I soon shall know.

Faith, Hope, and Love abide :
God's perfect whole
Is mine, though heavens wide
Together roll.

His face I cannot flee.
Complete Thy work in me;
Enrapture Thine with Thee,
Soul of my soul!

My sun and moon and sky
And sea and land
And Home eternally
Is God's right hand:
From it all blessings fall,
And better He than all,
And rapture is the thrall
Of His command.

HE SUFFICETH

SOUL whom dazzled ages scan,
Man in God and God in man,
Who sees Him the Father sees,
Who loves Him with God agrees.

Bliss were it to see afar
What time's coming wonders are;
But One highest hath been here;
Higher never shall appear.

Sinless soul with God made one,
Seen but once beneath the sun,
With that vision we, content,
Futures veiled do not lament.

Every star about Him wheels;
Every penitent He heals;
Higher than the highest, He,
Son and Soul of Deity.

We are sinful and undone ;
God and man the Christ makes one ;
Rebels, perjured, lawless, we ;
Ransom, Ruler, Healer, He.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
With Thy ransomed, heavenly host,
Give us grace forevermore,
Thee to know, obey, adore.

WARP AND WOOF

BEFORE He formed a star,
Our God arranged our lot;
Our little lives were planned afar,
When we as yet were not.

Time hath no aimless strands,
God warp and woof combines;
Life's loom is in His holy hands,
His shuttles know their lines.

He loved us when as yet
We had not seen the sun;
God's forethought is man's coronet,
And love by love is won.

He purposed what He sends,
He knows what us awaits;
He marketh now the distant ends
Of paths to hidden gates.

All acts His eyes foresee
And never choice constrain ;
So willeth He that we are free
His grace to lose or gain.

His love hath filled the past,
An ocean without shore ;
Our purchased souls Him first and last,
Love, trust, obey, adore.

EVERMORE

EVERMORE, forevermore,
Wisdom, Justice, Love adore ;
Evermore, forevermore,
Oceans they without a shore :
They have been and yet will be ;
They the waves and God the Sea.

Evermore, forevermore,
Space and Time and Truth explore ;
Evermore, forevermore,
Oceans they without a shore :
They have been and yet will be ;
Wears them as His vesture He.

Evermore, forevermore,
Find we finitude our bliss,
Evermore we God explore,
And yet know not all He is :
Three in One and One in Three,
Light, Life, Love, and Majesty.

Evermore, forevermore,
Standeth God at every door;
Evermore, forevermore,
His pure eyes our souls explore:
 Lord of Hosts, our ransom be,
 Now and in Eternity.

Evermore, forevermore,
Enter Thou at every door;
Evermore, forevermore,
Love of God is loftiest lore:
 Holy, holy, holy, He,
 And His service ecstasy.

FLITTING WINGS

BIRD that seeks a sunnier sky,
On thy heart thy wings rely:
Over land and over sea,
God His promise keeps with thee;
Never faithless, nature brings
Fitting climes to flitting wings.

Soul that fears God's judgment bar,
Truth thy instincts see afar.
So has feared each balanced soul,
Since the orb began to roll.
Souls are God's work. We shall see
Judgment in eternity.

Doom looks through the door of death.
Evermore thy conscience saith:
I am, God is, and in this
Double truth is woe or bliss.
Thou from God canst never flee,
Friend or foe of His must be.

Breath of God enkindles man,
Instincts match their Maker's plan ;
Wing to air He mates aright,
Inborn faith to fadeless light.
While we live, or when we die,
God in man can speak no lie.

Southward speed, through storm and calm,
Out of snows to groves of balm :
Wing, my soul, thy certain flight,
Through the noontide and the night ;
Over land and over sea,
God his promise keeps with thee.

IN EXTREMIS

BETTER to go than stay,
I would not live away;
If pardon through God's grace is won,
Be heaven this hour begun.

Almighty God, give peace,
In swift or slow release;
My empty, frail, cold hand in Thine,
Thy strength and sight are mine.

The glory of Thy deeds
Archangel's thought exceeds:
Thyself, Thyself more glorious still—
My bliss to do Thy will!

The world is out of joint;
Swift messengers appoint
To set it wholly right, and I
In serving them will die.

And after death my soul,
As the vexed ages roll,
Do Thou as ransomed spirit send
Man's miseries to mend.

Fit mansions in the sky
Hast Thou for loyalty:
Life, hope, peace, strength, atonement now,
My all in all art Thou!

MID-DAY

FROM God I come, to God I go;
He made the East; He made the West;
High holy noon, transform me so
That I may find in radiance rest.

Pilgrim between two ocean strands,
I see both shores of narrow Time;
I hear Atlantic lash its sands,
I see Pacific roll sublime.

Vast outlook from life's Andes' height
Includes the far Brazilian plain,
But brings Peruvian shores in sight,
And sunset's line beyond the main.

As fast at morn the sun ascends,
As fast at noon moves toward the west,
As when at last his journey ends,
And he in glory sinks to rest.

O wealth of noon! O Andes' height!
I lift my anthem to the sky,
And praise the God of noon and night
For life and all its mystery.

God fills all skies. All things are mine
If I am His who moves my sun,
And when it cuts the ocean line
My day in God is but begun.

ONE DAY IN SEVEN

WHILE rests the race one day in seven,
God opens wide the gate to Heaven;
He soothes the weary heart and brain,
As silver moons rise, wax, and wane.

A golden candlestick the week,
Seven-branched its flames all upward seek
God's face, but central is the flame
Which bears the Sabbath's sacred name.

Time's coming golden ages wait
On work and worship, alternate;
Toil gives the face heroic light;
And hallowed rest is holy might.

Thou and thy servant both shall pause;
Thou and the stranger. Equal laws
Shall rule the race in toil and rest;
So brotherhood is born and blest.

Creation and Redemption thou
Shalt glorify, with blissful brow,
And into God's own likeness grow;
His Sabbaths into Heaven flow.

LAW AND LOVE

HOLY SPIRIT, by Thy name
Order out of chaos came;
As upon her nest the dove,
Broodest Thou all worlds above;
Thy two wings are Law and Love.

Lo! above the Mercy-seat,
Where the wings of cherubs meet,
In the holy place a star,
Prophecy of Christ afar,
Crowns with flame God's judgment-bar.

Christ the veil of flesh assumes,
God in man our guilt consumes;
In Him Love and Justice meet,
To Him run the suppliant's feet,
Christ Himself the Mercy-seat.

In the pentecostal flame
God reveals once more His name;

Tongues of fire proclaim His will,
Beams of dawn the nations fill,
Love and Justice mingle still.

Holy Spirit, make us thine;
As the noontide in us shine;
Be our Sun behind the sun,
God with us, and Heaven begun;
All Thy will in us be done!

DAWN AND SUNSET

DAWN drives westward day by day;
When it passes, pause and pray:
Sunset shadows mornward go;
Bow the reverent forehead low.

Sacred night and day divine,
Sunset and the sunrise line,
Girdle all the wheeling globe,
Summer's, winter's, autumn's robe.

Through the curves beneath thy feet
Rolls the round world, silent, fleet:
Sunbeams nations unify;
Men have but a single sky.

So great Saturn rolls and sings,
Day and night fly round his rings;
All the planets face the sun,
And in God all worlds are one.

Wheels of God, or fast or slow,
End of paths at opening know:
Rolling, sing; and singing, roll;
Perfect is the coming Whole.

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THE SOUL'S OUTCRY

GOD would still remember me,
Even should I cease to be;
Any leaf that ever fell,
He who made remembers well;
Of His works am I a part,
He will bear me on His heart.
Father, more than mother mild,
Thou wilt not forget Thy child!

Many mansions God prepares,
And for all His children cares;
In my soul prediction lies
Of unending destinies;
God a dwelling hath in me,
And I shall not cease to be.
Lord of all skies, calm or wild,
Shelter Thou Thy helpless child!

Only Thou canst sin erase;
Match Thy justice by Thy grace.
Peace grant Thou to loyalty;
Life, strength, bliss, atonement be;
And before Thy Great White Throne,
Shield and ransom Thou Thine own.
White in garments undefiled,
Loyal make Thy lawless child!

SEALED ORDERS

NOW the Lord hath spoken to me,
May no evil day undo me;
Lies before me clear and fair,
Pathway up a mountain stair,
Sunlight in the upper air.

Many years Thy whisper moved me,
Many years Thy right hand proved me;
Thou afar didst see to-day;
All the noontide hidden lay
In the morning dim and gray.

Many lands and many oceans,
Many peoples in commotions,
Thou hast shown me as a sign
That Thy whisper is divine;
May Thy purposes be mine!

Evermore by Thee enshrouded,
In the azure sky or clouded,

Overtones

Let me follow Thy behest,
Without hasting, without rest,
As a star moves toward the west.

Thou my helmet, falchion, leader,
Lord and Saviour, Interceder,
Both my left hand and my right,
Fill with javelins of light
And with ten archangels' might!

ONE HARVEST FIELD

THERE are no alien stars;
The winnowing winds are free:
The wafted word no bounds or bars
Finds now on land or sea.

All zones are one broad field,
And one the fostering sky;
Best seeds the ripened ages yield
On world-wide pinions fly.

The mellow furrows roll
Black from the brightening plough:
Rejoice, alert, seed-sowing soul;
God's gardener art thou!

The endless coming years
Thy seed-field are to-day:
Only of tares have tireless fears;
Thy friends are rain and ray.

One sows, another reaps,
And both in fruit rejoice;
The holy heart of springtime leaps
To hear the autumn's voice.

High human hearts are one,
And one their God above;
And genial every star and sun
To Faith and Hope and Love.

After the Parliament of Religions.

ATONEMENT

SEARCHING sun and holy sky,
God is great and heaven is high:
Who can wash my red, right hand?
This I ask of sea and land:
Who from guilt can give release?
After treason, where is peace?

Lawless soul from reason reft,
I my Father's house have left;
Famished sit among the swine,
I of lineage divine;
Sick in heart, and hand, and head,
Perish here for want of bread.

Penitent, abased, and low,
To my Father I will go;
I no merit of my own
Claim before His Great White Throne;
Justly were I evermore
Exiled from my Father's door.

Tidings blest from God I hear :
Ransom He from guilt and fear !
God in Christ atonement makes ;
He no penitent forsakes.
Grace is this beyond degree :
Robe of white He giveth me !

All the galaxies His hand
Holds as drifting grains of sand ;
But in lowly hearts dwells He,
And His wounds have set us free.
Lo ! the Cross for evermore
Exiles guides to Heaven's door.

Vision dazzling star and sun,
God and man in Christ made one,
Let the Cross the worlds amaze.
I am melted as I gaze :
Thee I serve for evermore,
Lord and Saviour, trust, adore !

In the Parliament of Religions.

CONTRASTS

HE who builds the starry dome
Has in contrite hearts a home;
He whose planets never rest
Feeds the fledglings in their nest;
He who makes Orion tall
Marks the fragile sparrow's fall.

He in whom the seas rejoice
Has in man a still, small voice;
He whose hands the ages roll
Knows the soul of every soul;
He who is consuming flame
Finds in love His perfect name.

He who rises from the dead
Had not where to lay His head;
He whose glory heaven reveals
This in robe of flesh conceals;
King of kings, all thrones above,
Dies to show atoning love.

Empty seems the world and cold?
Slowly works divine unfold.
Ice or sun, let little man
Trust God's orbic, perfect plan.
Frost and fire give bliss its wings;
In the glacier summer sings.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
With the ransomed heavenly host,
Thee, one God, for evermore,
I, Thy lowly child, adore.
In the dew-drop dwells the sun;
Let my life with Thine be one!

In the Parliament of Religions.

SHEEP AND WOLVES

A WAR CRY FOR THE SALVATION ARMY

PITY, Lord, the crippled poor,
Age and childhood lacking bread;
Thou Who cam 'st our ills to cure,
Hadst not where to lay Thy head;
Lazarus at the rich man's gate
Lift from out his low estate.

Fill with love our callous clay,
Melt our hearts of polished stone;
Thou the Truth, the Life, the Way,
Listen to Thy creature's moan:
Divè's teach to shun the flame
Kindled by his evil name.

Sluggards with their garden wall
Broken through, by weeds o'ergrown,
Rouse to reason's trumpet call:
Man must reap what he hath sown.
Famine falls to drones and fools;
Willing hands find fitting tools.

Wolves within Thy human fold,
Turn Thou from their bloody quest ;
Fiendishness in fetters hold,
Serpents slay in east and west :
Let Thy lightnings cleanse with flame
All our heights and depths of shame.

Prodigals with husks for bread
Homeward call, to food divine ;
Souls in sin and trespass dead,
Raise to life and bliss in Thine—
Lift Thy Cross on land and sea,
Rich are all if one in Thee.

On the occasion of General Booth's visit to Boston.

A NATION'S LAMENT

EIGHTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF LINCOLN'S BIRTH

THY wrath, O Lord, great furrows draws
 Across the guilty land ;
In these, good seed of better laws
 Sow Thou with lavish hand.

Thy holy earth we desecrate,
 Thy sacred sun we scorn ;
New hearts, O God, in us create,
 And souls that love the morn.

Our Father's hallowed house of prayer
 We make a den of thieves ;
Greed's haughty height, a robber's lair,
 Thy lightning bolts receives.

Once more, with whip of knotted cords,
 Purge Thou Thy sacred place ;
Let rebels flee before Thy words,
 And penitents find grace.

Our altar fires their glow relax,
Our lamps new radiance need;
But quench not, Lord, the smoking flax,
Nor break the bruised reed.

Our martyrs' blood cries yet to Thee,
And coming ages call:
Let lawless lives learn loyalty
To God, our All in all!

OCCIDENT TO ORIENT

OUT of heaven thy helmet take,
Banners of the sunbeams make;
Land of rising Orient light,
Speak from Fuji's holy height;
Thou to choose the best wert born;
Deck thyself with dews of morn;
Praise the Lord of sky and sea,
Thou His prophet art to be.

Now the flowers and now the snow,
Noons and midnights come and go;
Torches lighted at the stars
Neither time nor tempest mars.
Athlete clad in western mail,
God has weapons that prevail;
At His feet thy laurels cast;
He is first, and midst, and last.

Lord of every star and sun,
Finish Thou Thy work begun;
Now by war's tormenting share
Thou hast opened furrows fair;

Send Thy sunbursts to and fro,
Seed of better ages sow;
Father, Son, and Spirit's name,
Forth through Asia's ages flame!

Overturn and overturn,
Evil growths uproot and burn;
Born in home and not in herd,
Let the children hear Thy word;
Lift the mother with the child,
Foster manhood undefiled;
Light and Life, as Love, draw nigh;
Fill the whole Himalayan sky.

FAITH, HOPE, LOVE

I N the highest heaven's cope,
Shineth far Faith's holy Hope;
But the highest heaven above
Reigns and sings Faith's holy Love.

Whoso loves not Love and Light,
Stars in all their courses fight;
Whoso hath in God no joy
All the swords of Truth destroy.

Whoso loveth God, obeys;
Stars defend with all their ways;
Whoso hath Love, finds in this
Faith and Hope and balanced bliss.

Joy in God is holy Faith,
Trust in Truth it followeth;
Joy in God, all bliss above;
God is Light and God is Love!

Glorious He beyond His deeds,
Though His work all praise exceeds;
All His stars we count but dross,
In the glory of the Cross.

Faith, and Hope, and Charity,
Dawn of blest eternity,
God's refulgence lights our way;
These the paths to perfect Day.

FRIENDS FOREVER

“ I have called you friends.”—John xv., 15.

THOU livest and I live,
Eternal Father, Thou ;
To prodigals Thy spirit give,
The kiss of heaven now.

Were man a fleeting gleam
Soon quenched in endless night,
Less eager would Omniscience seem
To woo him to the right.

Why should Thy Spirit strive
To make my soul Thy friend?
Blest omen this that I alive
Shall find in death no end.

Thou lovest me, and yet
Thou knowest man is dust ;
My soul Thou never wilt forget,
Thy faithfulness I trust.

Overtones

Thou many mansions hast ;
 Some humble door be mine ;
On Thee my cares henceforth I cast,
 My life is hid in Thine.

Redeemer evermore,
 The loyal live in Thee ;
Thy love and grace exalt, adore,
 Through Thy eternity.

A WORLD-WIDE PLAN

IN covenant imperial,
When Thou to Thee didst Abram call,
In him all nations wouldst Thou bless
The promise large, the deed no less.

Age after age Thy plans endure,
Thy promise and performance sure;
Lord Thou of skies and lands and seas,
The past the future guarantees.

The servants of Thy purpose, Lord,
Our armor Thy accomplished Word,
Thy vict'ries vast make Faith elate,
Thy conquering cross we celebrate.

Thy chariot-wheels all ages are,
The whole sky Thy triumphal car;
The darkest shores shall see Thee yet,
The Light foretold shall never set.

After the Ecumenical Conference, New York, 1900.

UNSEEN LEADERS

OUR fathers fared not forth alone,
With sifted seed new lands to sow;
With them came He, who has His Throne
In Heaven, His footstool here below.

The Holy Word our fathers bore:
Its heroes stood upon their deck;
Invisibly they paced the shore,
Safeguarding Church and State from wreck.

Together marched they toward the west;
Immanuel's star before them shone;
Storm-swept, they scaled each mountain crest:
His crowned archangels led them on.

Schools have they sown from sea to sea,
And church-bells chimed from strand to strand;
Their falchions champion liberty;
Their wings beyond the seas expand.

Lead, Lord of Hosts, our erring feet;
A cloud of witnesses sublime
Keeps step with Thee, and no retreat
Make they whose march with God keeps time.

EASTER ANTHEM

REJOICE, for lo! the conquered grave
Attests Immanuel's power to save.
His hand the rule of Chaos broke;
His name the prophets clearly spoke,
Foretold His reign from shore to shore;
He reigneth now and evermore.

Vast victories past and vast to come,
Of all our Life and Light the sum,
His wisdom dazzles every age,—
An Easter gloom were sacrilege;
Time's current gleams in all its waves,
But only Christ has light that saves.

On wheels above all heavens He rides,
Yet in the contrite heart abides.
High Easter dawn His cross illumines,
Our ruler there our guilt assumes;
This holy hour the tomb makes bright,
Its darkness now alluring light.

Our vexed Earth hears His Father's Voice;
Let listening, loyal souls rejoice:
"This is my well-belovèd Son";
His Easter crown our ransom won:
Let all the stars His grace proclaim,
All galaxies adore His name.

A CENTURY'S DAWN

FAR flames abroad a Century's dawn ;
Its sapphire depths may nothing mar :
Let earthly mists be all withdrawn,
And Christ the new sky's Morning Star.

We treasure gems from all the past,
All heroes' souls of light and fire ;
We breathe their inspiration vast,
To concord with their Lord aspire.

Now onward, upward, heavenward run,
And into Christ's full stature grow ;
The Morning Star becomes a Sun ;
Beatitudes from worship flow.

The day-dawn sings. The noon-tide comes.
Our God Himself our dwelling-place,
In His high house are many homes
For all who, contrite, seek His face.

With cherubim and seraphim,
Hosannas lift to God on high ;
Let all our accents echo Him
Whose right hand is our panoply.

THE END

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